

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. VIII.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

NO. 9.

Peach Trees and Plants.

FRUIT, SHADE, AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR SALE.

AT THE DIAMOND STATE NURSERY.

100,000 first-class Peach Trees, including all the leading varieties: Pear, Apple, Cherry, and Quince Trees; Evergreens for shade or ornament; 200,000 Orange Quince Quicks; Gooseberry, Currant, Blackberry, Raspberry, and Strawberry Plants; Asparagus and Rhubarb Roots, for Fall of 1874 and Spring of 1875 planting. Send for Catalogue and Price List. Address, JAMES T. SHALCROSS, 301 3rd St., Middletown, Del.

MIDDLETOWN

Nursery and Fruit Farm.

A large and varied assortment of

General Nursery Stock

For Sale at low rates.

PEACH TREES A SPECIALTY.

E. R. COCHRAN, Middletown, Del.

Woodside Nursery.

A CHOICE selection of

PEACH TREES

of the best family and market varieties.

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, ORANGE PLANTS, ASPARAGUS ROOTS, ETC.

For fall of 1874 and spring of 1875 planting for sale at very low prices. Address

HENRY CLAYTON, Mount Pleasant, Del.

Business Cards.

FURNITURE.

UPHOLSTERING.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

Walnut and Other Furniture,

which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash prices he feels assured that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city.

He is also prepared to attend to

Undertaking Work

at short notice, and in a manner excellent by none. Persons wishing to have their

enriched or to have their bodies prepared for shipment to distant cities will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

TAYLOR & SON'S

Celebrated Corset Preserver.

The Corset preserver is dressed in the finest fabric and not soiled, (and can be seen at all times) as nothing but dry cold air enters the

GEORGE W. WILSON,

Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Feb. 12-12m Middletown Del.

Oysters! Oysters!

RICES

Ladies and Gentlemen's Oyster SALOON.

Connected with the OLD BANK Ice Cream and Confectionery Store.

I would most respectfully inform my patrons and friends, and all who may favor me with a call, that I have fitted up an Oyster Saloon for both ladies and gentlemen, where they can get a good hot stew, Pan Fry, or Raw, at short notice. Also, Parties supplied with Oysters in any quantity they may desire.

THE CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT

is as usual full of the finest Confectionery.

FINE CAKES,

such as Fruit, Pound, Lady, Sponge, Cup, Drop, and all kinds of Fancy Cakes for parties, can be obtained, upon short notice. We keep on hand Raisins, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Currants, Figs, Dates, Prunes, and all kinds of Foreign and Domestic Fruits, both green and dried. We shall keep for Christmas a full line of Toys for the young, and presents for Children of a larger growth. Don't forget the place, Rice's Old Bank, and don't purchase anywhere until you have examined my stock.

Nov 7-ly. E. B. RICE.

THOMAS MASSEY, JR.

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

Main Street, next door to National Hotel Middletown, Delaware

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and promptly repaired.

Always on hand for sale, Clocks, Watches, Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver, Napkin Rings, Silver, Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Silver Buttons, Watch Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch Chains, &c.

AGENT FOR

DEVIN'S SPECTACLES

Dec. 12-12f.

M. E. DICKSON,

No. 353 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

DEALER IN

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

SOLID STERLING

Silver and Plated Ware

Suitable for Holiday Presents.

N. B.—Fine selection of 18 Kt. Wedding Rings on Hand.

Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles to suit all ages. Dec. 10-12f

C. MAISEL,

TAILOR, (From Paris),

1321 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

may 21-1y

Select Poetry.

THE FALLEN GIRL.

Centless, friendless, out in the street,
Hungry and homeless, with nothing to eat,
She who was once the beloved and admired—
Now that she's fallen, wretched and poor,
Is pushed from the pavement as she sits by
the door,
Fallen too low to repent or to pray,
Say the Sisters of Mercy, as they pass on their
way,
Little they know what she suffers within,
As she thinks of her folly and the horrors of
sin!

Nobody thinks, nobody knows,
Nobody cares where the sufferer goes.

She has traveled all day,
And the night has grown dark,
She has no where to stay,
She is sickened at heart,
The tears from her eyes, that are falling like
rain.

Give ease to her heart and relief to her brain,
She has come to a bridge where the dark
waters roar,
She leans by the arch to travel no more;
She thinks of the future, she thinks of her
home;

She thinks of her childhood and feels she's
alone;

She thinks of her mother in grief and despair,
But knows not her mother is pleading in
prayer.

Her bosom is heaving, she's gasping for
breath
As she thinks of the future, the horrors of
death!

Frantic and wild, she kneels down to pray,
Striving and thinking to know what to say.
Merciful God! in her grief she exclaims,
How shall I wash from my soul these dark
stains?

Sins of omission that wrought my disgrace,
Sins of commission I cannot erase.
Merciful God! O where shall I fly?
I am hating to live, I am fearing to die,
Out on life's ocean I drift in the storm,
Oh! how I wish I had never been born!

Reckless and fearless and desperately sad,
She falls so low that none is so sad?
Off in the dark in the dead of the night,
Away from the living and out of their sight,
She travels all night and thinks she's alone,
Knows not that the angels are leading her
home.

She lingers to rest in the dawn of the morn
By the house and the home in which she was
born.

Her hand's to the bell, to ring in the hall,
She wonders if any will answer her call.
No; she won't ring; she clenches the door,
The bolt gives way and she steps on the floor.

The footstep is heard by a listening ear,
And a voice cries, "Mary, is it you that I
hear?"

"Yes, mother," that's all the sufferer can say,
Her mother to meet her hastens away;
She has spent the whole night in pleadings
and prayer,
And now she is thankful to know she is
there.

The past is forgiven, she's loved and caressed;
In the arms of her mother she weeps on her
breast,
Crying "Mother, dear mother, I want to begin
To tell you how far I have fallen in sin."

"Hush! tell it to Jesus when you are alone,
It's joy for your mother to have you come
home."

"How happened it, mother, on a night like
the last,
So dark and so dreary, the door was not
fast?"

"It never was fastened, by night or by day,
Since you, my dear Mary, wandered away,
For months and for years I have prayed when
alone

That you, my dear child, some day would
come home;
And the door was not fastened, believe me
it's true.

For fear you might think it was barred against
you;
Think not of the past, think not of your
shame;
Your mother's a mother, she's always the
same.

But think of our Father and his fostering
care,
Who heard your dear mother and answered
her prayer!"

ROMEO.

[From the Louisville Sunday Journal.]

Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward.

ROME, GA., Sept. 1, 1865.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD, SHOWMAN—

Sur: The reason I write to you in
petit, is because you are about the
only man I know in "God's country,"

so-called. For sum several weeks I
have been wantin to say sumthin. For
sum several weeks we rebs, so-called
but now late of said country deceased,
have been trying my hard to do sumthin.

We didn't quite do it, and now
it's very painful, I assure you, to dry
up all of a sudden and make out like
we wasn't there.

My friend, I want to say sumthin.
I suppose there is no law agin thinkin,
but thinkin don't help me. It don't
let down my thermometer. I must ex-
plode myself generally so as to feel
better. You see I'm tryin to harmonize
my feelings. I'm tryin to soften down my
feelings. I'm endeavorin to subjugate
myself to the level of surroundin cir-
cumstances, so-called. But can't do it
until I am allowed to say sumthin. I
want to quarrel with somebody and make
some friends. I ain't no giant-
killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't
no boar-constricker, but I'll be
horns waggled if the talkin and the
writin and the slanderin has got to be
all done on one side any longer. Some
of your folks have got to dry up or turn
our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage,
so-called. Ain't your editors got nuthin
else to do but to peek at us, and
squib at us, and crow over us? Is
every man what can write a paragraf

to consider us as bars in a cage, and be
always jobbin at us to hear us growl?
Now you see, my friend, that's what's
disharmonious, and do you just tell em,
one and all, e pluribus unum, so-called,
that if they don't stop it at once or turn
us loose to say what we please, why we
rebs, so-called, have, unanimously and
jointly and severally resolved to—

to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't
agwine to commit myself. I know
when to put on the brakes. I ain't
agwine to say all I think, like Mr.
Etheridge or Mr. Alderdyce, so-called.

Nary time. No, sir. But I'll jest tell
you, Artemus, and you may tell it to
your show: If we ain't allowed to ex-
press our sentiments, we can take it out
in hatin—and hatin runs heavy in my
family, shure. I hated a man so bad
once that all the har cum off my bed,
and the man drowned himself in a hog-
waller that night. I could do it agin,
but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to
acquiesce, to become kalm and serene.

Now, I suppose that, poetically
speakin,

"In Dixie's fall
We sinced all."

But talkin the way I see it; a big fel-
ler and a little feller, so-called, got in
to a fight, and they fout and fout and
fout a long time, and everybody all
round kep hollerin hands off, but kep
helpin the big feller, until finally the
little feller caved in and hollered enuf.

He made a bully feller, I tell you! Selah.

Well, what did the big feller do? take
him by the hand and help him up, and
brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary
time! No, sur! But he kicked him
after he was down, and throwed mud
on him, and drag him about and rub-
bed sand in his eyes, and now he's
gwine about huntin up his poor little
property. Wants to konfeskate it, so-
called. Blame my jacket if it ain't
enuff to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man—so-
called. I ain't agwine to fit no more.

I shan't vote for the next war. I ain't
no guerrilla. I've done and tuk the oath,
and I'm gwine to keep it; but as for
my being subjugated, and enervated,
as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so—nary
time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin, ain't
repentin, ain't askin for no one-
horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody
needn't be playin priest around me.

I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars.

Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor
widens and orfins. I'd fatten my own
numerous and interestin offspring in
about two minits and a half. They
shouldn't eat roots and driek branch
water no longer. Poor, unfortunate
things! to cum into this subonyonary
world at such a time. There's four or
five of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor
a monkey show—never had a pocket
knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a
resein. There is Bull Run Arp, and
Harper's Ferry Arp and Chickahominy
Arp, that never seed the pikters in a
spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we
are the poorest people on the face of the
earth—but we are poor and proud. We
made a bully feller, Selah! and the whole
Amerikin people ought to feel proud of
it. It shows what Amerikins can do
when they think they are imposed on—
so-called. Didn't our four-fathers
fite, bleed, and die, about a little tax
on tea, when not one in a thousand
drunk it? Bekaus they succeeded
wasent it glory? But if they hadn't I
suppose it would have been treason,
and they would have been bowin and
serapin round King George for pardon.
So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind,
if the whole thing was stewed down, it
would make about a half pint of hum-
bug. We had good men, great men,
Christian men, who thought we was
right, and many of 'em have gone to
the undiscovered country, and have got
a pardon as is a pardon. When I die,
I'm mighty willin to risk myself under
the shadow of their wings, whether the
climate be hot or cold. So mote it be.
Selah!

Well, maybe I've said enuf. But I
don't feel easy yit, I'm a good Union
man, sartin and shure. I've had my
breeches died blue, and I've bot a blue
bucket, and I very often feel blue, and
about twice in a while I go to the dog-
gery and git blue, and then I look up
at the blue sorulean heavens and sing
the melancholy chorjus of the Blue
tailed Fly. I'm doin my durndest to
harmonize, and think I could succeed
if it wasent for sum things. When I
see a black-guard going around the
streets with a gun on his shoulder, why
right then, for a few minits, I hate
the whole Yankee nation. Jerusalem
how my blood boils. The institution
what was handed down to us by the
heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts no
put over us with powder and ball!
Harmonize the devil! Ain't we human
beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears
and feelin and thinkin? Why the
whole of Afrika has come to town,
women and children and babies and
baboons and all. A man can tell how
far it is to the city by the smell better
than by the mile-post. They won't
work for us, and they won't work for
themselves, and they'll perish to death
this winter as shure as the devil is a
hog, so-called. They are now bakin
in the summer's sun, livin on roasin

cars and freedom, with nary idee that
winter will cum agin, or castor oil and
salts cost money. Some of 'em, a
hundred years old, and whinin around
about going to knowledge. The truth
is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled
about this business. Somebody has
drawed the elephant in his lottery, and
don't know what to do with him.

Well, my friend, I don't want much.

I ain't ambitious as I used to was. You
all have got your shows and monkeys
and sirkusses and brass bands and
orgins and can play on the petroleum
and the harp of a thousand strings, and
so on, but I've only got one favor to
ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill
a big yellow stumpail dog that prowls
around my premises at night. Pon
honor, I won't shoot at anything blue
or black or mulater. Will you send
it? Are you and your folks so skeer-
ed of me and my folks that you won't
let us have any mynibush? Are the
sirkusses and crows and black rack-
coss to eat our poor little corn patches?
Are the wild turkeys to gobble all
around us with impunity? If a mad
dog takes the hiderfoby, is the whole
community to run itself to death to get
out of the way? I golly it looks like
your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoby
for good, and was never gwine to get
over it.

With these few remarks I think I
feel better, and hope I hain't made no
body finin mad, for I'm not on that line
at this time. I am truly your friend—
all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, so-called.

P. S.—Old man Harris wanted to
buy my fiddle the other day with Con-
fedrik money. He said it would be
good agin. He says that Jim Funder-
buck told him that warren's Jack had
seed a man who had just cum from Vir-
giny, and that he had whipp'd 'em agin.
Old Harris says that a feller by the
name of Mack C. Million is coming
over with a million of men. But never-
theless, notwithstanding, somehow or
somehow else, I'm dubious about the
money. If you was me, Artemus,
would you make the fiddle trade?

The Sultan and Satan.

There is an eastern story of a Sultan
who overslept himself, so as not to
awaken at the hour of prayer. So the
devil came and waked him, and told
him to pray. "Who are you?" said
the Sultan. "O, no matter," replied
the other; "my act is good, is it not?"
No matter who does the good action, so
long as it is good." "Yes," replied
the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan.
I know your face; you have some bad
motive." "But," says the other, "I
am not so bad as I am painted. You
see I have left off my horns and tail.
I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I
was an angel once, and I still keep the
object before me."

Chiney was an old horse of about
twenty summers, and could boast of
more points than any in the neighbor-
hood, and being well bobbed. Peter
would when ever within ear-shot of the
Doctor, "Chiney was the handomest
trimmed and finest pointed boss that
came to town."

"Peter, clear out with your foolish-
ness and don't bother me about
Chiney," replied the enraged Physi-
cian, turning his back on Peter.

"Well, now, Dr. Shackelback—and
by the way, that is a beautiful name
too—you can't refuse a man in that
way. As I have said before, I must
have Chiney. She is trimmed to per-
fection. Ah! that bob is perfect. Who
did you get to perform such wonders,
Doctor? Would that I was blessed
with the knowledge of trimmin' bosses,"
said Peter, facing the Doctor, at the
same time scratching his head and roll-
ing his eyes back in his sockets.

"Peter, can't you behave yourself,
you flabergasted ignominious, no-sensed
jack, and let my Chiney alone?" re-
plied the physician panting with rage.

"Doctor, I've heard that Chiney
was a mighty fast trotter; she could
beat everything at Wilkesbarre some
time ago—why boys, she trotted a mile
outside of two-forty. Do you know of
any that could beat her?" said Peter,
addressing a crowd of boys and young
men that had gathered to hear what he
had to say.

A short time after this, Peter hap-
pening to spy the Old Doctor, jogging
leisurely along in his old shay, with
Chiney, up the street, sang out at the
top of his voice:

"Old Dr. Shackelback and old Miss Day,
Went out ridin' in his old shay;
The shay was broke and Chiney was blind,
Shackelback and Day, came shakin'
out behind."

Now, Miss Day was a spinster of
fifty, I'll not say more; if I don't think
that would be out of the way in the
least, and Dr. S. being an old bachelor
of sixty, their names were very often
coupled; this infuriated one as much
as the other and that was by no means
small.

They used to ride out very often in
the shay, until Chiney, after a mon-
strous sight of whipping, ran away and
left the contents in the road; and the
above is a song the boys and young
men use to greet the Old Doctor with.

"Wo—ho—ho—here," shouted the

Bungle Papers No. 3.

When the following dialogue took
place, Peter was no longer a little
kitchen boy, but just the reverse; he
had grown to be quite a man, and
possessed a snug fortune, left him by
an uncle.

"Peter, where is Mr. Bungle? I've
been looking for you two, this past
three hours," said Mrs. Bungle, as
Peter entered the room, after an ab-
sence of all day with Mr. Bungle.

"Why, Mrs. Bungle, we (that is
Mr. Bungle and I) have been over to
Wilkesbarre and had a good old time.

Mr. Bungle is merry as can be; went
in the hotel, got on top of the tables,
and walked up and down, kicking off
every dish, plate, cup and saucers,
and having a general smash up; then,
to top everything off, he has had them
all to pay for."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs.
Bungle, throwing up her hands and
falling back on the sofa. "Here he
belongs to the Good Templars and they
meet to-night. What am I to do!
what shall I tell them—but they will
know it, what's to hinder them now?
Here I've been trying to keep it from
them all this time. So much for going
in a hotel when a member of church."

"I never like to see it. At first they
only go to the door to talk with some
old friends," but after while they get
inside, the next thing, they are "only
standing at the bar," again, "only lay-
ing on top of it talking," and before
you know it, something "slips down
their throat," then it's all up. How-
ever, you may be sure they take some
on the sly, just as he did, and he has
gone and done it." * * * * *

Peter was a great one to joke, and
played them off on any one that came
along. Dr. Shackelback, being a fa-
vorite, was a good subject for his
pranks. Dr. S. was the happy posses-
sor of a horse and shay, and being au-
xious to make a display of his horse's
speed, was subject of much merriment
for the young men and boys.

"Dr. Shackelback, what would you
take for Chiney? I want to make a
bargain, 'deed I'm in earnest; she's the
handomest boss I've seen lately, beau-
tifully trimmed, and so fat, too. Come
Doctor, name your price."

"Why Peter, an ignominious like
you could never drive a horse like
Chiney, for when she gets a little
vexed, she kicks with all four of her
feet at once."

"Dr. Shackelback, I must have
Chiney at all hazards. Why I could
never do without Chiney. Chiney!
Ah! Dr. Shackelback, where did you
find such a beautiful name for her?
hunted all the dictionaries over for it,
no doubt," said Peter, standing with
his hat pushed back, and hands thrust
into his pockets, closely examining the
object before him.

Chiney was an old horse of about
twenty summers, and could boast of
more points than any in the neighbor-
hood, and being well bobbed. Peter
would when ever within ear-shot of the
Doctor, "Chiney was the handomest
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left the contents in the road; and the
above is a song the boys and young
men use to greet the Old Doctor with.

"Wo—ho—ho—here," shouted the

Doctor at the top of his voice.

at the same time pulling the reins and leaning
back in his shay. "What is that you
say, boy?"

"Good morning, Dr. Shackelback,
were you speaking to me?" said Pe-
ter, bowing very low.

"Never mind your good morning.
What was that you was singing about
me?"

"The only thing that I sang, was
"Old Aunt Tucker and Old Miss May,
Went out ridin' in a one-horse shay—"

But that of course, does not interest
you."

Agricultural.

Butter from Different Breeds.

EDS. COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—In your issue of the 28th ult., is a copied notice of a butter exhibition and test, held at the Experimental Farm, Chester co., Pa., which contains errors that should be corrected. The following synopsis is taken from the minutes of the meeting:

An extended invitation had been given to owners and breeders of the various improved breeds in our vicinity, to exhibit for comparison, the butter made from different breeds of cows. This was promptly responded to, except by owners of Holsteins and Ayrshires, who could not be induced to compete. On the day of trial a committee of arrangements took charge of the samples, recorded the breed of cows from which they were made, and after numbering, handed to the testing committee, a committee made up of the best judges of butter in the country, who, after a careful and conscientious test, marked upon each according to its merits. Everything was done to make the comparison a fair one. A scale of five points was made—to wit: taste, solidity, color, smell and texture—with 25 points representing a perfect article. Some 28 samples were on exhibition, from the best breeders and largest and most successful dairies in Chester, Lancaster and Delaware counties. The trial resulted as follows:

Three samples from different Short-Horns made 25 points each. Seven samples from Jerseys made 25 points each, except one, which was one point short. Two or three samples were marked "very extra choice," made from the Charles and Samuel J. Sharpless cows "Niobe," "Ross" and "Tibora." One sample Guernsey made 25 points. One sample from cross of Alderney and Short-Horn made 25 points. Of eight samples from a mixture of Alderney and common stock, four made 25 points, and four fell short a few numbers each. Two samples from grade Jerseys made 25 points. One sample from Devon made 6 points; partly owing to the making. One sample of Calcutta made 13 points—three samples from common stock made 18, 19, and 18 respectively. Dairymen witnessing the exhibition and results, concurred in the opinion that a good admixture of Alderney blood was essential to successful butter making. It is to be regretted, however, that exhibitors neglected to bring statistics of product, so that the whole question of profit might have been satisfactorily settled.

Cattle Feeding.

The York, Pa. Press says Frederick Stallman, of this borough, and Lewis Myers, of Baltimore, two well known cattle dealers, are engaged in feeding a large number of cattle, which they propose putting into market next spring. While in Baltimore last week we visited their stables, situated in Canton, on the banks of the Harbor, opposite Fort Mifflin. The stables consist of a square frame building, 240 ft. each way, in which they have confined eight hundred and eighty-two head of cattle. There are eighteen stalls or rows, as they term them, with troughs running the full length of the building. In each of these rows are chained forty-nine head of cattle, and to stand in the midst of them and look over this vast multitude of the animal creation, is a most novel as well as a most grand and interesting sight.

The animals are all docile, and under perfect control, under the efficient management of Mr. Stallman, who appears to be perfectly at home among them. At one end of the stables are erected five tanks, each one holding 9000 gallons of water, which is supplied from a "Black Brothers" extensive distillery, adjoining it. At the other end of the building is erected a hay shed, 120 feet long and 28 feet wide, holding 60 tons of hay. The cattle are fed four times a day, three times with slop and once with hay, at a cost of \$4,500 a month, which we think, is a very expensive boarding house. The original cost of the cattle was \$45,000, a heavy sum of money to invest in so hazardous an undertaking, and which requires not only considerable backbone, but a heavy pocket to engage in. If the expectations of the firm are realized, as we trust they will be, they will be handsomely remunerated for their trouble.

THE HORSE.—Julian Berners, in a tract on hunting, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, gives "ye properties of a good horse." The properties of a good horse: A horse shoulde have fifteen good properties and conditions; that is, to witte, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a haire, and three of an asse. Of a man, boled, prowde, and hardye; of a woman, fayre breasted, fayre de haire, and easy to move; of a foxe, a fayre taylle, short eares, with a good trotte; of a haire, a grete eye, a drye heade, and well rennyng; of an asse, a hygge chynon, flat legge, and a good hoof.

Sheep on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil.

Cold Weather.

According to the New Northeast there has been some remarkably cold weather in Silver Bow, Montana. A correspondent of that paper furnishes the following interesting item of news:

Your favor of the 10th is at hand and inquiries answered herewith. On the evening of January 8th, several persons being in my store, and the spirit thermometer registering "thirty-five-degrees below," the remark was made that quicksilver would congeal at three degrees lower. I requested my clerk, Mr. Stolte, to thoroughly cleanse a bar tumbler and partially fill it with quicksilver. We then exposed the glass of mercury and the spirit thermometer on the roof of the fire-proof on the north side of the store, giving them as nearly equal exposure as possible. An hour after the thermometer marked "38-degrees below," but the quicksilver still remained unchanged. At 9.20 p. m., the thermometer stood "40-degrees below;" still the quicksilver was live, but terribly cold. At 9.40 p. m., the spirit indicated "41-degrees below;" the quicksilver was hardening on the outside. A few minutes later the thermometer stood "42-degrees below;" I picked up the tumbler of quicksilver, and to my astonishment found it completely solidified—as hard as a rock. I carried it into the store and several persons examined it; it remaining in that condition some time before it showed life.

On January 10th, at 11 p. m., the thermometer stood thirty-five degrees below; January 11th, at seven a. m., forty-four degrees below; January 11th, nine p. m., thirty-six degrees below. On the evening of January 8th, the evening above mentioned, at 10.30 p. m., the register was forty-six-degrees below. This is the coldest weather we have had.

Under date of January 14th the correspondent adds the following news, expressed in the peculiar style of the West. "Jack Frost held the best hand last night and played it as follows: At 9.45 p. m., the thermometer stood fifty degrees below; at 10.30 p. m., fifty-four below; at 11.30 p. m., fifty-six below." The worst disgusted man in Deer Lodge this winter is Granville Stuart, Esq., the most careful thermometer observer in Montana. Anticipating a possible spell of weather that the mercurial thermometers would be inadequate to record, he sent to New York for a fine spirit thermometer, for which he was charged a spirited price. It arrived in good season, but on examining it, it was found to be only graduated to thirty degrees below zero. He says it is a good enough summer thermometer but isn't "calculated" for this kind of a winter.

The Next Senate.

When the revolution of last Fall swept away the Administration majority in the House of Representatives, the defeated party took consolation in the thought that its ascendancy in the Senate could in no event be disturbed. The elections of the past few weeks have shown how severely this last prop of a failing party has been shaken. It is perfectly safe to say that had there been a half dozen more States to elect Senators, the Opposition would have secured a clear majority in the Senate. On the 3d of March next the terms of 25 Senators will expire. Of these 17 are Administration, and 8 Opposition. Twenty-two States elected Senators, and in three, Minnesota, Florida, and West Virginia, a result has not yet been reached. Of the new Senators 15 are safely to be placed in the Opposition, and to those who may be added those whom West Virginia and Florida will elect. This, with the 16 Opposition members holding over, gives the anti-Administration party a total of 33 members, and leaves the Administration with only 41, giving them the successor of Senator Ramsey in Minnesota, and counting the vacant seat for Louisiana in their favor, although it clearly belongs on the other side.

There is an instructive lesson in this showing for those persons who see in every fresh exposure of crime in high places a sure forerunner of the Republic's death. Their favorite argument is that the people look upon exposures of corruption and the exercise of unconstitutional power with indifference. They charge the public conscience with lethargy because it does not cry out with more vehemence against such wrongs. But the surer test of the public mind is the ballot-box. The American people is not indifferent to corruption and usurpation on the part of its officials. It makes up its mind deliberately, but surely, and sooner or later the thieves and reprobates are thrust aside, never to be seen again. Let those who are coming into office reflect upon this truth. It has borne bold, proud, and hardy; of a woman, fayre breasted, fayre de haire, and easy to move; of a foxe, a fayre taylle, short eares, with a good trotte; of a haire, a grete eye, a drye heade, and well rennyng; of an asse, a hygge chynon, flat legge, and a good hoof.

"For heaven's sake, lend me five dollars," said a destitute man to his friend, "I have had nothing in my house to eat for four days but rice."

"Rice!" said the other. "If I had known that you had rice I would have come around to dinner." The five dollars were not forthcoming.

A careful editor in Kentucky informs his readers that a man who was run over by a train was cut into fifty-nine pieces.

Humorous.

How the Boys Served Mr. Brasser.

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down stairs in the sitting room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went up to bed, Claudius had the clothes-line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys and then jump into bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brasser boy remarked:

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!"

From a closet they brought a cast-off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them, with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window the other was tying the clothes-line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brasser was heard to leap out of the bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed.

"Theodorius Brasser, are you a fool!" screamed the wife as he monopolized all the bed-clothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered; "perhaps he'll go away!"

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. "Git up and git the gun and blow his head off!"

"Oh! you do it!"

"Git up, you old coward," she snapped; "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

Brasser turned up the lamp, sat up in the bed, and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?"

"Mersey on me! git up!" yelled the wife as the straw man was knocked against the window.

"I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brasser in a loud voice as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upon a chair and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodlehead!" screamed the wife.

"I will—by thunder! I will!" replied Brasser, and he blazed away and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brasser jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brasser.

"He's coming in—perlee—boys—ho, perlee!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brasser to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

"Theodorius, I'm going to faint!"

"Paint and be d—d—boys—perlee!" he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leece! Po-leece!" now came from the boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout the other drew the man up, tore him limb for limb and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, and an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brasser:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbors as they departed.

As Mr. Brasser hung a quilt before the shattered window he remarked to his wife:

"Now see what an old condurango you made of yourself!"

"Don't find any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you!" she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chuckled each other in the ribs and cried:

"I'd rather be a boy than be President!"—Detroit Free Press.

The widower's grief has been pronounced by competent authority to be lovely while it lasts, but it is not constructed to endure the rude assaults of time. A Connecticut man who only last spring threw himself upon the cold turf that wrapped his beloved's clay and wept until his eyelashes fell out, has since had three women following him around for alimony.—Brooklyn Argus.

Conductor of street car to pedestrian balancing himself with difficulty on an ice covered pavement—"Are you going down too?" Pedestrian, "Not if I can help it."

Bishop Odenheimer is reported to be seriously ill in London.

Job Printing.

PRINTING!

We respectfully call the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to the new and

INCREASED FACILITIES

OF THE

TRANSCRIPT OFFICE

FOR PRINTING.

Having recently erected a new commodious office and added a large amount of

NEW TYPE, PRESSES,

And other material to our stock, we are fully prepared to do

Every Variety of Printing,

AT SHORT NOTICE,

AND ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

OUR NEW CAMPBELL

POWER PRESS

Enables us to print

POSTERS, SALE BILLS,

And, in fact, from the largest to the smallest, in any color, or

VARIETY OF COLORS,

AND OF ANY NUMBER,

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS,

BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES,

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CHECKS, LABELS,

NOTES, TAGS, &c.,

Are done in such style and at such prices as

Guarantee Satisfaction.

WITH OUR

JOB PRESSES

We can do every kind of small work with the greatest promptness, and at as

LOW PRICES

As can be done at any other office on the Peninsula.

Try Us and You Will Not Complain.

BANK ROBBERIES!

GAGGING CASHIERS!

The Boston Daily Advertiser of Oct. 23 says editorially: "The method adopted to rob the banks at Wellsborough, Pa., and repeated at Milford, N. H., on the night of the 19th inst., is getting to be a favorite with the burglars. But there is a very simple way of preventing such robberies. If the key used to secure bank funds is so made as to be separated, and the parts put beyond the control of any one person during the night, masked burglars would find the gagging and intimidation of cashiers to be a useless waste of time, and to offer complete security against this latest and most favorite trick of the burglars."

THIS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION

Is given by the Hardy Patent

Detachable Indicator.

APPLICABLE TO ALL DIAL LOCKS.

By this device, the rim of the knob on which the figures and letters are marked, is made to take off after locking the lock, and being divided into two or more pieces and distributed among the officers of the bank or parties of a firm, becomes a key the custody of which is in keeping of two or more persons, and cannot be used to open the lock without all the pieces being returned.

The "combination" may be known to all the parties, and yet cannot be used by any without the assistance of all the others.

This most complete security against this latest and favorite trick of the burglars has been applied to the Vaults and Safes of the

U. S. SUB-TREASURY.

The N. E. Trust Co. of Boston.

The Emigrant Savings Bank, The Blackstone National Bank, The National Bank of Peabody, Warren, Randolph, Newburyport, Ditts Savings Bank, and Mercantile of Salem, Mass. Also, the Great Falls National, Granite State Bank, and Branches of N. H., and THE U. S. BRANCH MINT at San Francisco, Cal., and many others.

Bank having Dial Locks wishing it applied to their vaults or safes, can be supplied at a moderate cost on application to

ANSON HARDY, Auburn, Mass.

PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS

Are now offered the most favorable opportunity ever presented for supplying themselves with PAPER AND CARD CUTTERS.

All Newspaper Publishers are offered liberal rates for advertising in part payment.

Publishers, Printers and Dealers will find it to pay them, before purchasing elsewhere, to correspond with

ANSON HARDY, Auburn, Mass.

Dec 19-3m.

NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, shall on and after February 8, 1875, adopt the cash system in our business and shall confine ourselves strictly to the following rates: On all work when the cash is paid on delivery, 10 per cent. will be deducted from the regular price. For all work which is charged, a credit of six months will be given, and 10 per cent. will be added to the regular price and no bills to run for a longer time than six months under any circumstances. All persons whose bills have stood upon our books for the space of six months are requested to call and settle at once and save costs.

LEE & GEARS, Middletown, Del.

Feb 6, 1875.—3m

NOTICE.

THE business of CARPET WEAVING formerly conducted by John Smith, at Chesapeake City, Md., is now managed by his son-in-law, a practical weaver, the death of Mr. Smith not interfering with the old trade. The old customers will find the successor equally as good at weaving. Call at the old stand.

JOHN KRATZEL, Chesapeake City, Md.

Feb 6-3m

Time Tables.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROADS.

Delaware Division Time Table.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Sept. 8th, 1874, (Sundays excepted.) Trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD. Passenger, Mixed. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

8:30 5:15 Philadelphia 11:15 8:15 10:00

9:30 6:15 Baltimore 12:15 9:15 11:00

10:30 7:15 Wilmington 1:15 10:15 12:00

11:30 8:15 New Castle 2:15 11:15 1:00

12:30 9:15 State Road 3:15 12:15 2:00

1:30 10:15 Dover 4:15 1:15 3:00

2:30 11:15 Kent 5:15 2:15 4:00

3:30 12:15 Mt. Pleasant 6:15 3:15 5:00

4:30 1:15 Middletown 7:15 4:15 6:00

5:30 2:15 Blackbird 8:15 5:15 7:00

6:30 3:15 Green Spring 9:15 6:15 8:00

7:30 4:15 Clayton 10:15 7:15 9:00

8:30 5:15 Brendon 11:15 8:15 10:00

9:30 6:15 Norron 12:15 9:15 11:00

10:30 7:15 Woodside 1:15 10:15 12:00

11:30 8:15 Wyoming 2:15 11:15 1:00

12:30 9:15 Canterbury 3:15 12:15 2:00

1:30 10:15 Pelton 4:15 1:15 3:00

2:30 11:15 Harrington 5:15 2:15 4:00

3:30 12:15 Farmington 6:15 3:15 5:00

4:30 1:15 Greenwood 7:15 4:15 6:00

5:30 2:15 Bridgeville 8:15 5:15 7:00

6:30 3:15 Seaford 9:15 6:15 8:00

7:30 4:15 Laurel 10:15 7:15 9:00

8:30 5:15 Delmar 11:15 8:15 10:00

9:30 6:15 Arrive. Leave. P. M. P. M.

The mixed train will run subject to delays incident to freight business, and will stop only at stations where time is given. H. F. KENNEY, Superintendent.

WILMINGTON AND READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1874.

Trains will run as follows:

Going Northward. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6.

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